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Ye royal heads all, attend to my call—
Come act as chief mourners, and follow the bier ;
Come, come ! and bear to his long home,
1830, the dead and gone year.

M. A. A.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

BY TWO HERMITS IN LONDON.

New Year's Day.—Hermits though we be, we do not view the world only "through the loop-holes of retreat;" we contrive both

"to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and to feel the crowd."

The stir and crowd of the great Babel are, in truth, the cordial comforters of our meditative existence—the best remedy, the elixir that we should recommend to the moody hypochondriac. Who that sees the gay bustle of London at this season—the living streets—the crowded shops—the cheerful and bright bazaars—the congratulations of the thousands of happy people who meet and chat, and so depart, forming the most interesting picture of society "instinct with life," and pursuing the occupations of business as their pleasure and their happiness supreme—who that sees this, revolts not from the contemplation of winter in the country? How can people—unless their nature be essentially rural—think of rustivating themselves at such a period? We were going to figure to ourselves the life of a hermit, living in the country at Christmas: but our hearts turn from it, as Sterne's did from that of his imaginary captive. Away with your eremites of the wilderness—be our hermitage for ever fixed in this great city, with its vast resources! Would a reasonable man wish to see a rural vista in the winter? He will see it in its best and brightest garb by travelling to the Regent's Park; he will there see a prospect that no other rustic locality can present, a prospect that will do his heart good, if that heart be not either too savage or too civilized. Does he want solitude or society? He may have both in this beautiful scene. And *à propos* of Regent's Park, there has been a skating club figuring away during the holidays, even when there seemed to be not a vestige of ice on the lakes—when the stage of their evolutions seemed to be simply fluid water, perhaps thickened a little for the support of these airy performers. We have stood on the banks to admire the smooth meanderings of this wonder-working club, and were almost tempted to hazard a few falls for the sake of being regularly enrolled among them; but a respect for what the world would say, if the hermits were seen donning the fashionable attire and accoutrements of the party, made us pause for a day or two—and then the notion was thawed away into its imperceptible elements.

The Magazines of the Month—the Periodicals of London.—Here we have them all before us—the Magazines at least, with *THE NATIONAL* glittering among them in her new attire. We have been often thinking of making a complete list of all the periodicals which issue from the London press, annually, quarterly, monthly, weekly, daily, perhaps hourly; but we never could do it. The press literally teems—books, papers, and periodicals increase and multiply: some live a long life, and some not an hour—numbers are still born—more attain a sickly childhood, and then perish. And where is the record of the living and the dead? Who keeps the bills of mortality? Whenever we attempted to take a census, we were foiled—*dum spectas fugio* was the motto of the undertaking: we had always something to add, and something to take away: it was a perpetual current, the exact measurement of which, it was not in our power to ascertain. If knowledge be not diffused, it is strange, indeed, if literature, at least, be not: but the diffusion of books and pamphlets is not every thing. Here is the Journal of

Education, started by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—to be published quarterly. For the benefit of whom? We have sought in vain for its end and object—we cannot see for what class it is suited: quere, for schoolmasters? and we may fairly conclude that the work, if not modified in its apparent design, by the period of its next visit, will have fallen totally *still-born* from the press. Turn we to old friends with new faces. *Vivas mille annos!* We salute the National in the Spanish manner—but we hope with more sincerity. We augur happily of the vigour and vivacity of *our own* dear National, from the freshness and vigour with which she enters upon the new year: but to censure or commend, when we are ourselves concerned, were invidious. Let us rather offer our hearty greetings and congratulations to our contemporaries. The New-Monthly, this time, is decidedly a perfect luminary—*ignis inter minores*—the best of the British Magazines!

Who is the man of letters that has not perused and made himself familiar with Allan Cunningham's Life and Sketch of the Author of Waverley? Would that we had a life and sketch of the writer himself! Perhaps there is not a living author of the age we live in, so well deserving of a personal sketch as Allan Cunningham: a man engaged in literature, more as a pastime than a profession, the writer of some of the most vigorous articles in the periodicals of the day, while professionally employed in his business as a sculptor—the assistant of Chantrey—devoting only his leisure moments to literary labour and study. To see the man, it would puzzle you to divine that he was a poet and an admirable prose writer: of a most uncouth and unpromising exterior, an awkward and bulky frame, a heavy brow, and rude features, with high cheek bones; you would immediately pronounce him to be a mere mechanic—a common stone-cutter—rather than a child of genius and of song. But he opens on you upon a nearer acquaintance: his conversation attracts you by its simplicity, and its occasional wit and vigour; his unaffected manners and warmth of heart, render you his ardent and confessed admirer. Then, there is his library, one of the most enviable little possessions about London; pleasure beams in its possessor's eye, as he tells you it is entirely made up of contributions from his contemporaries—presentation copies from his numerous literary acquaintances. The life of Allan Cunningham has been chequered; nor have his talents been ever yet sufficiently appreciated. Of his powers of composition, some estimate may be formed from the *fact*, that the Sketch of Sir Walter Scott was not thought of till Christmas day: it was then taken in hands, and on the Monday following—scarcely two whole days—it was with the printer. This was indeed the exertion of energy with rapidity—the supplying of emergency with power!

What is this we have got in Frazer? A portrait of Magim! Why, verily, if this be “the Doctor,” as he calls himself, *par excellence*, he must have sat to his limner most marvellously disguised. Who ever saw Sir Morgan O'Dogherty in a state of repose, complacently smirking in your face, and with hands quietly deposited on the elbows of an easy chair? What a goodly presence and gentlemanly figure he here makes! Is our friend the Doctor turned quite a beau since we saw him last? He *was* (we suppose this must now be the phrase) a puny, plain personage—always fidgetting, never at rest; generally occupied, while conversing with us, in poking with a pen-knife at a bit of paper, or drawing a face with it on a pen. If Signifer were designed in his proper characteristics, he should have a tumbler of punch in one hand, and a decanter of whiskey in the other. We wonder, as he depicted Tom Campbell and Tom Moore with their drinking paraphernalia about them, that he was so modest as to hide them in his own case. The same modesty, we find, pervading the literary notice, or pen-and-ink sketch, which he placed opposite his portrait. In enumerating his numerous engagements with the press—in the Standard, Blackwood, Frazer, and so forth—he has preserved a most blushing bashfulness about his connection with the Age, while it is well known among the initiated that the most piquant articles in that paper issue from his pen. But the knowing

ones are not so to be hoodwinked. We can discover the Doctor by his talons (talents?)—*ex ungue doctorem*—in many a corner of the current literature of the day; and who can mistake the caustic quizzicality of his humour in the Age? Quer. Why is John Wilson Croker so perpetually badgered in that newspaper? for the ex-secretary of the admiralty was, we understand, the Doctor's first patron in London. Can that be the reason?

Mangling of a Mummy.—Our Notes, we foresee, will be enriched this spring with frequent remarks on the proceedings of societies in London. They are just now beginning to assemble, and we are free of them all. The meetings of the Royal Institution, in Albemarle-street, on Friday evenings, commence forthwith; and we anticipate much pleasure and profit from an occasional "drop-in" there. The conversaziones, too, of the College of Physicians, presently about to open, will give us an opportunity of showing off some of the heads of the faculty in the pages of the National, *et sic de ceteris*. But this conjunction of the College of Physicians with the Royal Institution, reminds us of a curious exhibition which we witnessed in the latter place, at which the number of members of the college who were present was very awful, though the scene we witnessed was pretty awful in itself. A grand mummy feast was announced, a present of that article having been sent to the Asiatic Society by Sir John Malcolm; but the society just mentioned, not having room to entertain all the guests they had invited, borrowed the theatre of the Royal Institution for that purpose, and Dr. Granville was appointed grand carver. This Dr. Granville is a shrewd man, and has seen a good deal of the world—we mean geographically; witness his book of Travels to St. Petersburg; and has had some experience in carving mummies, witness his paper on the subject in the Philosophical Transactions for 1825; and he was now resolved to make the most of this opportunity for showing off himself and his skill. He prefaced his remarks on the dead, by paying some compliments to the living—to the Duke of Sussex, P. R. S. who was absent, and to the chairman of the feast, who was present. Then we had the Doctor's observations on mummies in general, and his own discoveries in particular; and we perceived that, by an extraordinary exercise of the digressive faculty, he contrived to bring in a description of the proposed cemetery at Primrose-hill. He next advocated the propriety of a general embalming of the dead, and recommended to the audience to follow some old dotard, whose intention it is to be mummified when he dies. We were almost in despair of ever coming to the point—the mummy before us—when suddenly the thought seemed to strike the carver-general that he had some duty to perform, so he fell to work. Three successive *coffins* (shall we call them?) were stripped off his worship before he was got at. These coffins were all a tight fit over each other, and over the corpse, whose general shape they bore. The inmost one was composed of a material exactly like *papier machée*: it seemed to be quite fresh from the hands of the artist; but, upon a closer examination, this covering was found to be made up of several layers of linen, which the Doctor conjectured had been steeped in some liquid preparation, and moulded to the shape of the body while in a moist state, so exactly did they embrace it. The back part was a longitudinal opening, running the whole length of the body, and sewed with strong thread. This ornamented case being removed, a mass still more closely simulating the human shape presented itself. At a little distance it accurately resembled a body wrapped in chamois leather. A band, which surrounded the head, and was crossed upon the chest, being undone, the general envelop, which was composed of coarse linen, was easily removed, and showed the body, completely cased in rollers innumerable, which had to be torn off to get at *the mummy*. There it was, or *he* was, rather; for there was a beard detected. Poor creature! our curiosity was greatly excited upon seeing him face to face; and we could not avoid addressing him in the language of Horace Smith:—

"And thou hast walked about (how strange a story)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonian was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous !

“ Speak ! for thou long enough has acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou’rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon :
Not like those ghosts, or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

“ If the tomb’s secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold—
A heart has throbb’d beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face,
What was thy name and station, age and race ? ” &c.

The height of the mummy was but five feet five inches and a half ; that of the female examined by Dr. Granville, and of which an account is given in the *Philosophical Transactions*, was but five feet seven-tenths of an inch. One of the wonders about the opening of the mummy in question was the perfect disappearance of every particle of brain, while the brains’ envelop, the *dura mater*, was in a state of the most complete preservation. How did the embalmers contrive to extract the brain ? We cannot guess, excepting that probably the cerebral mass, in the progress of decomposition, had become a liquid substance, and transcended through the various *foramina* of the skull : and there certainly seemed to be some symptoms of this transmigration having taken place—there seemed to be stains on the part of the inner case which was opposite the head and neck ; but we shall not be positive. So it was for this thou wert preserved with so much reverence for so many ages, poor mummy, to gratify the curiosity of gaping connoisseurs ! Well, better than have been despoiled some hundred years ago, when thy brothers Misraim and Pharaoh were sold for drugs ! “ Misraim cured wounds, and Pharaoh was sold for balsams ! ” But one indignity certainly befel thee, which we must relate to the shame of the perpetrators. We actually beheld a portion of thee, which had just been boiled, handed round the circle of cannibals who occupied the first row in the theatre. The *morceau* was taken from thy “ nether bulk,” and was viewed, we observed, with intense interest by a noble lord, a certain part of whose dimensions presented a striking contrast to the same part withered in thee, thou poor, unhappy Egyptian !

The rumour which prevailed with respect to a change of ministry has subsided—the proposed appointments were truly laughable : Lord Lyndhurst was transformed into a First Lord of the Admiralty. Proteus though his Lordship be, that transformation would have been too startling. Lord Lowther, being the most peaceable man in the empire, was to be made Secretary at War. Our Irish readers should know, that when a person wishes to express his contempt for a silent member, instead of saying he is mute as a fish, declares he is mute as a *Lowther*. That machinations were going on among the defeated ministry is certain. Croker was on a visit with Peel at Drayford-park, arranging plans for the parliamentary campaign. If Croker possessed character or consistency, as he does craft and ability, he would be an influential person now, considering the dearth of talent in the house ; but under the present circumstances, his efforts to rise will only sink him lower than he was before. They say that the political articles in the *John Bull* proceed from his ready pen ; they are written forcibly and sarcastically. The enemies of the present ministry assert they will not be able to keep their ground, or get through the business of the house ; and for this reason, that they have not more than twenty members whom they can command to remain to vote ; and those who understand the machinery of the house, know that a ministry cannot dispatch affairs, unless they have ready and efficient supporters. Those members, therefore, who wish well to the ministers, must avoid taverns and late dinners, and keep in the way.

Cobbett grows desperate. He has raised the price of his Register to 1s. 2d. We have accordingly excluded it from our hermitage.

Praed has been brought into parliament, and high expectations are formed of him. He was the editor of the *Etonian*, and the rival of Macauley at college. His friends declare his will be a brilliant career! that he will cast Macauley into the shade, and eclipse every rival. We hope so; but we are become very suspicious of late as to sterling abilities of the young gentlemen who write articles, and come from college with large pretensions. Thomas Babington Macauley cured us.

Serious doubts were lately entertained in the legal world as to what Brougham really meant to do about his local courts bill. Its abandonment was everywhere spoken of: the attorneys exulted, and the pleaders declared they knew from the first that the bill was nonsense. His Lordship, however, authorised some paper to contradict the rumour. Some people suspect his sincerity, and declare spitefully that he will disappoint the lofty expectations which he has raised. Conjectures are afloat as to his intentions respecting the London University: as yet nothing has been done for that institution. It is reported that the same privileges will be given to it and to King's College. Will the Bishops suffer this? And will not Oxford and Cambridge cry out against the daring innovation upon their ancient monopoly? The first legal reform, the alteration in the term, has annoyed every body.

We love to seat ourselves in a corner of a coffee-room, and listen to the sagacious remarks or hot disputes of those around us, pretending all the while to be most busily employed with the Standard or Globe. The subjects of discussion are three—Poland, the Polytechnic boys, and the repeal of the union. With respect to the first, there is but one opinion, that the hardy Poles will achieve their freedom, and check the hateful despotism of Russia. Although we are hermits, we feel our hearts beat at the glorious thought, and offer up our fervent prayers for their complete success. The sympathy of the civilized world is with them. As to the Parisian youths, some would have them whipped, others would have them sent to bed supperless, while some would load them with honours. How irksome to be a professor in a place where the students carry every thing at the point of the bayonet. The people here (like the press) are very warm in their opposition to the repeal of the union, and express themselves strongly against the present agitation. We heard a short, round, fat, red headed person demand eagerly of his friend, "Could we not fight the Irish?" "Yes," said the friend, gravely, "I think we might;" "and beat them (exclaimed the first speaker) as we did before?" "Why, yes," said the other, "I think we could." And having so settled the affair, and devoured sundry muffins, these sagacious politicians took their departure.

January 19.—Visited the Mechanic's Institute, to hear Wilmot Horton lecture the tradesmen on the benefits to be derived from a well-organised system of emigration. He delivered an admirable lecture. It was logical, and well got up, though a little prolix. His manner is excellent, nothing hurried or confused, nor yet tame or prosing. He appears to take deep interest in the subject, and to be anxious only to impress the truth upon his hearers. He is tall, well looking, and apparently about forty years of age. He is entirely averse to the co-operative system, and very satisfactorily demonstrated its absurdity. In the course of his disquisition on this subject, he necessarily discussed the merits of Owen's theory, which he overturned with ability and judgment. We saw Mr. Owen present, listening with respectful attention. He is a small man, about sixty years of age, with a long nose, arch eye-brows, and a calm and settled expression of countenance. Those who are personally acquainted with him declare that he is one of the mildest and kindest men in existence. He has wasted his fortune in the vain attempt of establishing his system. Pity a person of this description should labour under so monstrous a delusion!

We wish to convey to the readers of the *Sketches of the English Bar* in

the National some notice of the Chancery court itself, or, as the common lawyers would express it, the "*locus in quo*." During term, the Lord Chancellor sits at Westminster-hall, in a court which seems to be the result of the following problem: viz. given, a certain quantity of space, and as much of the public money as you shall think proper to squander upon the object, you are required to construct a court, which, within the given dimensions, and at the greatest possible expense, shall most effectually contravene every purpose for which a court of this kind is usually constructed—a court in which it shall be difficult to hear, and all but impossible to see; in which the temperature shall be so ingeniously and powerfully contrasted, as to admit no medium between suffocation and congelment; which, by the simultaneous introduction of hot steam through a dozen of round holes in the floor, and of cold fog through a dozen square holes in the wall, it shall be possible for one and the same individual to be influenced with the heat of a fever upon one side of his body, whilst he is chilled by the cold of a palsy upon the other. That such a problem was actually proposed to the architect for solution, we shall not take upon ourselves to affirm; but, if *it had been*, we think the structure and arrangements of the court would most abundantly justify him in writing *quod erat faciendum* over the door. As there are no windows in the court, the few straggling and reluctant rays of light which renders the place at all visible, are surreptitiously introduced through the sides of a *dark lantern*, which the architect has placed upon the centre of the roof, and which seems to be no very inappropriate emblem of the deeds which are occasionally going forward below. The architect's purpose may have been to blind the eyes of suitors, or perhaps to furnish the practitioners with the means of boasting that—

"Although *that* light but leads astray,
It comes from heaven."

The little scenes which are occasionally enacted in consequence of the *mal-faisances* above-mentioned are sometimes amusing enough. We were present upon one occasion when the late Solicitor-General, in addressing the court, stated a point which he thought very important; the statement was contradicted by the counsel upon the opposite *side*. Mr. Solicitor appeals to the evidence as set forth in his brief, and reads aloud the passage upon which he relies, but finds, on arriving at the conclusion, that the evidence which he read contradicted the statement which he had made. Astonished, but not disconcerted, he retraces his steps; and, by minute attention and straining his eye-balls, he discovers a negative particle, of which he had been all along in pursuit, but which, in the first reading, had escaped his notice; thereupon, and for the fortieth time, he complains to the then Chancellor of the obscurity which perpetually involves and obstructs the proceedings of the court. The Lord Chancellor, looking up, observed that the centre of the court was a *dark spot*, and that the lantern appeared to have been constructed for the purpose of excluding the little light which may otherwise find its way into the place. Whilst the members of the Bar are all gazing upon the lantern, with "white eye-turned wondering eyes," several small flakes are seen floating in the air above, and one of them alights, white and wet, upon Mr. Pepy's nose. Upon this, the learned gentleman observed, that although the lantern, as the Lord Chancellor had stated, seemed to have been built for the purpose of *keeping out the light*, yet was admirably adapted for *letting in the rain*. Another learned person concluded the conversation by saying, that the lantern appeared staunch enough, but that the several vapours which composed the atmosphere in court, having ascended into the region of the lantern, were there condensed by the excessive cold, after which they descended upon the heads of the counsel in the shape of a shower of snow. Conversations of this kind so often occur, that however unwilling we are to interfere in other people's concerns, we cannot help observing that his Majesty's Board of Works treat his Majesty's Court of Chancery with much neglect and incivility. Little more need be said of the locality of the court. The officers in attendance are placed at the Lord Chancellor's feet. The solicitors and short-hand

writers occupy a position still lower between the bench and the bar ; and a six clerk, in a box upon one side, slumbers on through the leaden dulness of the proceedings, without exhibiting the slightest appearance of even a fictitious utility.

England is still in a frightful state. London and its immediate neighbourhood are tranquil, but the spirit of insubordination in the country is yet unsubdued. The special commissions have done their work—the guilty have been punished ; but dreadful is the actual condition of the labouring classes. They cannot be reduced to a lower pitch of misery ; and we think that desperation and famine cannot feel pity or remorse. The government seems tired of shedding blood—the people are every where petitioning strongly against any further executions. The power of the law has been vindicated—the parliament has now another and a sacred duty to perform : they must, if they hope to prevent the most dreadful calamities, adopt speedy and efficient means for the relief of the oppressed poor of the empire. The question can be skulked no longer—it is one of life and death. A modified system of poor laws will be introduced into Ireland—the Irish poor can no longer be neglected. There is, however, another and a more dangerous spirit abroad—one of aversion to the aristocracy, which, unhappily, is fast operating among the middle classes. The election at Preston speaks volumes—it conveys a solemn warning to the aristocracy, which they would do well to profit by. The vote by ballot gains ground with rapidity ; but many of the most enthusiastic admirers of such a mode of voting, conceive that the elective franchise should be first raised, as a preliminary measure. The middle classes should be admitted to a fuller share in the election than they have hitherto been. Upon the conduct of the parliament at this crisis much will depend : if they proceed with a bold and steady hand, all will yet be well—if they waver from the honest course, or succumb to faction, all is lost. It is confidently asserted that government will adopt vigorous measures respecting Ireland—redressing grievances, but making it highly penal to agitate the question of the repeal of the union. Mr. O'Connell will be assailed the first night of the session from every quarter of the house, for which he is no doubt fully prepared.

Mr. Justice Alderson, who was one of the judges at the special commission, has been severely and deservedly exposed for his undignified and intemperate behaviour. He came from Cambridge with a high character, but never did any thing great : he was in good practice as a junior, was rather rough in his manners to the Bar, and has now settled down for life—as a Puisne Judge in the Common Pleas.

Mr. James Emerson, of the University of Dublin, has published a history of Modern Greece, in two handsome volumes, to which is prefixed a sketch of the Greek revolution. We have seen the work. It is beautifully brought out by Colburn ; and, from the little we read, appears to be written with elegance and spirit ; but, as it is a serious performance, and the work of an Irishman, the National will, no doubt, examine its merits more at large at a fit opportunity.

An excellent pamphlet has been just published by Butterworth. It is written by Mr. David Leahy, another Irishman. It is an ingenious and masterly exposition of the absurdities of the present system of appeals to the house of lords in the administration of civil justice in the kingdom. The author reasons upon the subject with logical acuteness, and demonstrates the utter unfitness of the tribunal for the fulfilment of the duties it undertakes to discharge.

We heard last night of the death of the author of "The Man of Feeling," and "The Man of the World," at the advanced age of eighty-six. In Edinburgh, fifty years ago, there existed a set of brilliant and accomplished men, whose correct and elegant knowledge shed a lustre over their native city. One by one, they have all departed : Henry Mackenzie was the last who remained—*ultimus Romanorum*—the only connecting link between the writings of this and the last age ; and he has at length descended to the grave, full of years and honour. We love the writings of Mackenzie. We think

him justly entitled to the high compliment conveyed by Sir Walter Scott, when, in 1805, he dedicated *Waverley* to "the Scottish Addison." Like the works of that good and accomplished man, Mackenzie's writings have ever promoted the best principles of moral conduct. We remember a charge once preferred against them—that, too refined in thought and feeling, they unfitted the mind for the common intercourse of life. We cannot think so. There can be few persons whose minds are unable to bear the contemplation of the ideal of character, exquisite and highly refined as it is, presented in the *Man of Feeling*, and every one must rise from such contemplation wiser and better.

ADDENDA, BY A POLITICAL COMMENTATOR IN DUBLIN.

December 28.—As the procession of the trades was prevented, by proclamation, from taking place yesterday, a deputation from them waited on Mr. O'Connell with their address. They behaved very orderly; and, meeting with the Marquis of Anglesey on their route, their generous feelings broke forth in spite of the bonds their leaders would impose upon them, and they warmly saluted him—the Marquis returning their greetings with true Irish heartiness.

January 1.—This day a meeting of *Literary Teachers*, favourable to a repeal of the Union, took place at the Arena. We chanced to have our lot cast beside a quizzical description of fellow—turning to whom, we said, "What kind of display, think you, will the schoolmasters make?" "Schoolmasters!" he replied, "treason against the republic of *letters*! But that a fundamental argument is rather unfashionable now-a-days, any philomath present would prove, *à posteriori*, that it is highly inexpedient to utter the term, 'schoolmaster,' to attic ears. Would you have our thought-trainers and manner-menders, during this the reign of intellect to rank with the host of dancing-masters, music-masters, slave-masters, and——" "Why not? Are they not figure setters, like the first—ear-tinglers, like the second—and task-masters, like the third?" "Ay, but where all the world are agreed, it is for them to see a difference. Nothing less than professors of intellectual refinement, or knowledge-diffusers, will serve those who deem themselves the light (*élite*) of the world. As indicative of the improvement of the age, I was lately struck with a sign-board in Crosstick-alley, bearing the inscription of 'Emporium of Wisdom!—Minerva among the Liberty boys!' Here the authoritative "Order," of a no less authoritative neighbour, struck us dumb; and we listened to the gentleman then on his legs—a Mr. Walsh. He spoke a little sense and a deal of nonsense in sesquipedalian style; and dwelt rapturously on those days when many of the naked savages of England were indebted to our liberal and enlightened monastic institutions, for food and clothing, and the more munificent gifts of learning. In short, it was the most respectable speech we had yet heard in favour of the repeal, (those of our grandmother always excepted, who, good lady, eloquently expatiates on those days of Ireland's glory, when silk was wove in the Liberty, and *fustian* in College-green). During the delivery of the various speeches, which, necessarily, were not very short, we were struck with the admirable by-play of Mr. O'Connell, which made even indifferent speeches tell as effectively as if the Hon. Member were speaking them himself. His looks gave note and comment, (and sometimes, we might almost say, new readings,) to each passage uttered. We remarked this to our humorous neighbour, who replied, "Ay, ay, but while he looks so attentive, perhaps he is thinking how he may best turn the next piece of *Castle ord'nance* into a squib that may light up his political pipe, without scorching his nose." Mr. O'Connell spoke; but his speech contained the usual blusterings on the subject. A Mr. McDonnell, who, a few days before, had cut an uproarious figure in the Recorder's court, while on trial for an assault, stood up—and professing himself a *literary teacher*, said he was the bearer of a petition from the prisoners of Newgate, in favour of a repeal of the legislative union, which petition he pronounced to be one of the most important on the subject. Per-

haps so—since their feeling of the hardship of their case would be duly appreciated by the British Parliament, and their *interest* promptly attended to.

Monday, 3.—At the anti-union meeting of the Law Clerks, Mr. O'Connell uttered an accustomed quantum of *blarney*, during the delivery of which, he contrived, with a very felonlike grace, to do Mr. Conway justice, as regarded the charge he had brought forward against that gentleman, of being a Government pensioner. He said, "I stated formerly, upon information, that William Conway had a pension; I have seen the Irish pension list, and I am bound, *as an honest man*, to state that the name of Mr. Conway does not appear upon it. Those through whose information I was led into error, have refused to come forward to atone for the wrong; therefore I do so. Conway may take advantage of this as a ground for abuse; but *I make him a present of it; for what do I care!*" What a glorious swagger is here; and how blessed a thing it is that one can make a virtue of necessity. But was it from some dark masked whisperer Mr. O'Connell obtained his information that Mr. Conway was a pensioner?—if so, would an upright and generous man have based a charge upon such authority? Or had the agitator's scandalizing friend a name?—if so, then why did not this lover of justice give it to the world? Perhaps it was some such *incognita*, or *incognito*, that tendered Mr. O'Connell office under the Whigs. The Hon. Gentleman concluded his part at the Law Clerks' meeting by a ludicrous and pitiable piece of over-acting. A banner of mingled orange and green stood behind the chairman. This he desired might be handed to him; when kissing both the orange and the green, he said, "This wants a motto—let it be 'Repeal of the Union!'"

A Common Council having been convened for the purpose of getting up an address of congratulation to the Marquis of Anglesey, on his arrival, and one (of condolence, we suppose) to Mr. Gregory on his removal—their Honours quarrelled of course. Mr. McCleary said, that a man who would vote an address to the Marquis, could not distinguish between his goose and his shears—and that such a token of respect was more properly due to Mr. O'Connell; for he had revived the shouting round the statue of King William, whereas Lord Anglesey had come over as a clergyman merely, to perform the funeral service over the remains of the constitution, and say, "Dearly beloved, since it hath pleased our rulers to take from us the soul of our dear sister, the constitution, we commit her body to the grave." The man of cabbage must have lost his measure before he made this speech, for it does not fit well with his anti-unionism, unless he can prove that the repeal will mend the matter, and resuscitate the buried body of "our sister." The motion for the address was carried, however; and Davy was appointed one of the furnishing handicrafts. He will clip it if he can, and make it sit ill to the viceregal taste. The address to Mr. Gregory was carried unanimously; and the deputation received the gentleman's answer—not the less gratefully for a splendid cold collation with which it was accompanied. It is not for us to say which most gratified the corporate tastes of the party.

Wednesday, 5.—At the Orphan Charity Anti-union Breakfast, Mr. O'Connell waxed witty, and desired that in these times of treason, the individuals present should take care not to have egg-shells (Home would have said *eggs*) in their pockets, lest Plunket and Stanley should have them taken up on a charge of constructive treason—to wit, an attempt to batter down the ramparts and new barricadoes at the castle. Our fears, if we have any, do not spring from the resources which any of the agitators may have in their pockets, which are in many cases (to use an Irish phrase) *full of emptiness*, but from the head of one and the hearts of many others. In the course of his observations, Mr. O'Connell denied entertaining any wish for the severance of the British connection; yet immediately after he exclaimed, (alluding to the Irish Secretary's letter to the magistrates) "Oh, if I had an Irish parliament, in which to give vent to my indignation, and drag the wretch to the bar for this nefarious ordinance!" But without a separation, and an independent power at home, what would this avail? Besides, all who have ever observed him, must perceive that this coal-kindler of all

Ireland, is the mere creature of circumstance, and that sooner than not seem to lead, he will move before the public wish, though that wish should be contrary to his formerly-declared opinions. "The adviser of Stanley," he further said, "is the man of *bottle-treason* memory, the defender of the Manchester massacre of men, women, and children—the champion of the bloody actors at Peterloo!" When did the *bottle-treason* prosecution begin to operate upon the warm indignation of the member for Waterford—or how did he contrive to cork down his wrath during the active exertions of Lord Plunket in favour of the Roman Catholic cause? We fancy that the only real regret the learned gentleman once felt regarding that proceeding was, that by his Lordship endeavouring to do too much, the matter ended in his doing *too little*. From this subject he passed on to compliment Mr. Saurin—quoting him as having formerly said, "that no country ought to remain a province which had the power to be a nation; and that agitation was the price paid for freedom;"—to which Mr. O'Connell added, (and we believe him) "and no one ever paid the price more freely than I will. I will be as fair a trafficker as ever sold a yard of tape, and give as full and long a pennyworth as ever was measured." In the case of Lord Plunket and Mr. Saurin, we see a specimen of Mr. O'Connell's mode of dealing with men—the individual whom, being with him from motives of justice, he blarneys to-day, he will blackguard to-morrow, if from the same cause he should differ from him—and vice versa. In conclusion, the learned gentleman took God to witness, that no man would more strenuously oppose Roman Catholic ascendancy than he would. But will his declaration insure his consistency; popular feeling can cast new light upon this gentleman's views; and we verily believe that sooner than oppose that, and therefore cease to appear the leader of the mob, he would support an inquisitorial, or any other equally *Catholic* mode of rule.

Saturday, 8.—The manufacturers of the Liberty waited this day upon his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, with a congratulatory address upon his return to this country; previous to receiving which his Excellency held a conversation with the members of the deputation. He observed, "I know that infinite pains were taken to make my reception on my late arrival a complete contrast to my previous departure; but I was gratified beyond measure to perceive, that despite of all the efforts to misrepresent me, I was welcomed with a warmth and kindly feeling, not at all inferior to what I had before experienced from Irishmen.....I should wish every man to enjoy the free exercise of his opinion—and all I require is, that others will extend to me the same measure of justice; and believe me, that whatever course I may find it necessary to adopt in the discharge of my public duty, I shall always be influenced by a desire to act honestly and for the interest of all." On seeing some of the productions of the Irish loom, his Excellency exclaimed, "Are these really Irish?—oh, you must shame your countrymen into the use of these splendid articles of home manufacture; as for myself, I have made it a rule, that every thing used by myself, my family, and establishment, shall be of Irish produce, where such can be the case." Being informed that the clothing of the Irish police was of English manufacture, he expressed some surprise, and stated his belief, that it must have been on the ground of economy. He declared his readiness, however, to inquire into the matter—mentioning, at the same time, that he had taken care to have his own regiment clothed in Irish manufacture. Such is the Lord Lieutenant, whose paternal watchfulness would tend to the removal of Ireland's evils—but whose generous inclinations are thwarted, and rendered of non-effect, by the mischievous mouthing of pennyless politicians, and self-sufficient bellows-blowers of sedition.

Sunday, 9.—*Ireland put to her last shift*.—This was the trying day for Ireland—the day upon which an experiment of political phlebotomy was to draw blood from exhausted veins, or, in other words, extract riches from the poverty of the country. Such was the preparation made for the occasion, that we are told by a disinterested money-lender (on deposits), that he was obliged on the preceding evening to stop payments, to the rejection of va-

rious valuable, unmentionable, and nondescript articles ; and we only wonder that those who could not procure the pence, did not offer the *pawn* at the chapel-door. At all events, if the Liberator do not become the fund-holder for all Ireland, it is no fault of the collectors, who manifested a due pertinacity, and lack of that inconvenient thing, called modesty. Indeed such was the all-absorbing feeling on the occasion, that we heard a beggar tartly rebuked for asking alms upon "O'Connell's day." Thus precedent and priority are attended to even where kings and nobles are not concerned, and the humble mendicant is forced to give place to the greater. We are told that the delicacy of Mr. O'Connell induced him to pay a visit to Clongowes on that occasion, in order to be out of the way ; where (report says) preparatory arrangements were made for the prospective ministry of Ireland. The following are among the rumoured appointments :—O'Connell, First Lord of the Treasury, and Secretary for the Home Department, (the latter office insisted on from pure love of country) ; Lawless, Chancellor of the Exchequer, (from his peculiar fitness for an office which involves "ways and means") ; Patrick James Mahon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, (from his intimacy with the French cabinet) ; Steele, Secretary at War, (on account of his cool discretion, and pacific temper) ; Dwyer, Master of the Mint ; Barrett, Master-General of the Ordnance ; Costello, Lord High Chancellor, (in the absence of a better). Other names have reached us as not definitely settled upon. But we would not be understood as feeling discontent at Mr. O'Connell's temporal prosperity ; we only regret the means by which it is achieved—both on account of the poor people who are pinched by their contributions, and because we fear that for the penny he receives the gentleman may be obliged to give too much of that commodity which he professes to sell like a tape dealer—to wit, agitation ; he may feel himself called upon to be unceasingly busy for Ireland, lest he may lose his good name, though want of employment, and the consequent misery of the poor, should follow.

A peep into St. Patrick's.—In the course of the evening, after a long absence, we paid a visit to St. Patrick's ; and the first singularity we noticed was, that the pulpit, which we had before seen thrust into a corner as a thing which cumbered the ground, occupied its proper place in the centre of the aisle ; and we soon perceived that the overseer had been there, and had set the Lord's house in order. There was no mingling of chaunts and criticisms on ladies' *personnel*—no crushing and cursing—no theatrical manifestations, such as "shame," "silence," "order:" and we found that in a place which had acquired the appellation of "Paddy's opera," people could and did pray with all the outward indications of sincerity. We like a mode of worship as purely spiritual as possible ; yet, notwithstanding this, and some stubborn old Presbyterian habits and predilections, we found ourselves strangely indulgent this evening to cathedral service, with all its tendencies, in our opinion, to make religion, in some cases, one of *sensation*. The noble structure, with its imposing marks of antiquity, whose stability seemed emblematic of that of the religion (we do not mean merely the peculiar denomination of religion) to whose service it is dedicated ; the splendid lighting of the place—here the mellow beaming of the Grecian lamp—there the brilliant blazing of the crystal burner ; the crests and banners, with the armorial bearings of the earthly nobles of the order of St. Patrick, which there, in their dumb show, seemed to declare the nothingness of mortal glory ; the pealing forth of the organ, in all the magic might of music (so to speak) ; the sweet, clear harmony of youthful voices, mingling with those of men, whose mellow tones floated along in distinct streams of melody—like confluent rivers—separate, though in unison ;—all came upon us like a spell, and our souls became subject to the influence of *sensation* ; we forgot that we listened to the hired singers of the Lord's praises—forgot that we had been the admirers of Methodist psalm-singing, marked as it is by a purer, a choicer harmony than that we were listening to—the harmony of united hearts and hopes, as well as voices. The anthem was beautifully sang by Messrs. Jager and F. Robinson—the clear, sweet counter-tenor of

the former contrasting well with the soft richness and skilful modulations of the latter's natural voice. The Dean preached a plain, warm, and well-digested sermon; during the delivery of which, however, we could not avoid feeling that a powerfully eloquent and impassioned popular preacher was wanting to complete the magic of the scene, and have all things in keeping.

Monday, 10.—His Excellency was presented with an address from the University of Dublin. Why does that learned body pay its compliments in Latin? To ladies such a proceeding would be considered a breach of good manners, and why not to lords? Besides, in the case of the Marquis we may suppose that the bays have given place to the laurel, and that the memory of *scars before* may have effaced that of those *behind*, with the Latin they impressed. However, in his reply to this classic composition, his Excellency said, that he acted in concert with a ministry fully alive to the distresses of this country, and anxious, by a constant attention to its interest, to afford legal and constitutional redress to real and substantial grievances; that he represented a king devotedly attached to those over whom he reigned, and whose last words to him, on taking leave, were, "Let the people of Ireland know that I love them."

The agitators, under a new name, met this day; and Mr. O'Connell, in the course of his speech, took great credit to himself for being the pacificator of Ireland; and particularly for the influence which his name had in restoring a Kilkenny mob to order. But for our parts, holding that "*Mars gravior sub pace latet*," we cannot feel indebted to him who casts the physical force of the country into its most menacing attitude, and so retains it, until at his pleasure, or against it, the feeble band shall burst, and the condensed body shall press headlong on, and sweep away all that is good or valuable in the land. The good he works is that of the imaginary spirit of the mountain, whose business it is to gather, confine, and fetter the drifting snow upon the frowning height, until, at the breath of his mouth, the avalanche shall go forth with a mighty crash, and bury all beneath in one wide and irrespective ruin.

Tuesday, 11.—At the anti-union dinner which took place at Hayes's, Mr. O'Connell was more than usually unmeasured in his abuse of the Marquis of Anglesey; and it would seem that the weavers had consulted him previous to presenting their address; upon which, he advised them to interlard it with an abundance of flattery, of which (he said) there could not be too much for the vice-regal stomach, while any stinginess would be amply supplied by that personage's egotistical liberality. He particularly ridiculed the term *paternal* government, which was to be found in the answer to the address alluded to, and expressed a becoming desire to see a caricature of the Marquis's *paternal* government, with Paddy Mahony pulling out of one dug, and Paddy Murphy dragging away at the other. We did not think that *fathers* so fed their offspring. Now we could have suggested a more laughable quiz:—a representation of poverty-stricken Ireland in a glorious state of maternal agitation, with king Dan tugging away, *all at once*, at her seven millions of previously well-drained paps! He took the Whigs, and Lord Anglesey in particular, severely to task, for having originally opposed what is termed the "Algerine act," and afterwards carried it into effect. But we can see no inconsistency in men, as members of the legislature, being hostile to a measure, which subsequently, as members of the executive, they put into force, as a portion of the law of the land. We, as well as the Whigs who opposed it, like not the Algerine act; and was there the slightest chance of the executive becoming too powerful, or if the act itself being continued in operation one moment longer than strong and imperative necessity called for it, our hearts, and tongues, and pens would at once join in a mighty moral effort against it. But it is popular licentiousness, not kingly or aristocratic despotism, we have now reason to dread; and the evil disease which at present runs riot abroad, can only be met by a strong and bitter remedy.

Tuesday, 18.—This day Messrs. O'Connell, Barrett, Steele, Lawless, J. Reynolds, and E. Dwyer, were put under arrest on a charge of conspiracy

to evade the proclamations. They were admitted to bail at the Head Police Office; after which Mr. O'Connell, attended by a numerous concourse of people, proceeded to the house of a]Mr. Fitzpatrick, a grocer [and spirit-dealer, (who was one of his bail) and addressed the multitude. In the course of his observations, he advised his friends to abstain from the use of excisable articles—which was rather *mal-a-propos* and unfriendly towards his whiskey bail, and equally so to one of Mr. Steele's, an ale-draper on Cork-hill. He concluded by declaring, that the names signed to the requisition (in favour of the union) lying at the Chamber of Commerce, should be held up to public execration. Such is the arch-agitator's liberality—such his consistency: he denounces the power which would interfere with the *dangerous mode* in which he and his brethren record their opinions; while he holds up to popular hatred, and we might say to the manifestation of popular fury, those men who peaceably, fairly, and constitutionally, dare to differ from him. While we shall ever be the champions of public right—while we desire that public feeling shall have its due weight with the legislature, as well as with the executive of the country—and while we sincerely love the people (and *because* we love them)—we must deprecate that interpretation of the word *liberty*, which would make a wild and senseless mob the rulers of the land, to the extirpation of all of worth and of honour which it contains; and we pity the man who, for the gratification of a pique or the advancement of a purpose, would sacrifice not only to the herd he despises, but to the party he hates. The hoax of the union of the parties is becoming every day more and more apparent—(we speak not thus in triumph; we only regret that the ground of union was not a sound, a substantial, and a moral one). The O'Connellites have bowed themselves in mock adulation to the Orangemen; and their slaving, slavish, and interested advances have, in all honest scorn, been spurned at. They have called upon the god of their enemies' idolatry; and like those senseless things of old, it has not answered to their prayer. Counsellor Wallace has addressed a letter to Mr. O'Connell, in which, while he intimates his decided hostility to that gentleman's proceedings, he tenders him his professional assistance against the prosecution, and expresses an opinion that Lord Anglesey has *violated both law and constitution* in the case. A friend has just whispered us that this letter (if other evidence were wanting) clearly indicates that the writer is neither *Attorney or Solicitor-General*, or even *Serjeant*. But it turns out that the epistle was private and confidential, and never designed for publication. But was Mr. Wallace ignorant of the case of Mr. Wyse? or did he suppose that any thing could be “private and confidential,” which could advance the agitator's political purposes? and Mr. Wallace's mere professional assistance was not to be put for a moment in competition with his published opinions.

Monday, 24.—At a pretty early hour this morning, we might have been seen pursuing our way towards the Four Courts, with considerable celerity. It was the first day of term—three new judicial personages were to take their seats—an Attorney and Solicitor-General were to make their first appearance—O'Connell was to be arraigned in the Court of King's Bench; and this combined attraction drew together, between 10 and 11 o'clock, a numerous concourse of spectators. On our arrival we found that the doors were closed by order of the sheriff, and that none but professional persons were to be allowed admittance. Here was a most disastrous visitation; but we determined to make the best of it; and took our station at the principal entrance in order to observe the various wigmen going in. Our position at this time was any thing but enviable. Foot-policemen exercising their cudgels with surprising animation, in order to keep back the pressing crowd—horse-police charging in upon the flags with determined resolution—barristers with tempers as ruffled as their wigs, scattering volumes of powder and abuse upon the presumptuous gapers who had the audacity to dispute their passage; entreaties, threats, and expostulations, attuned to every imaginable key, with all the variety of imprecation which usually characterises a squeeze—were never experienced in greater perfection. At length

we observed some persons who obtained admission, though destitute of those forensic habiliments which designate the gentlemen of the bar. Emboldened by this circumstance, we pressed forward. "Are you an attorney, Sir," said the policeman at the door. "No, certainly not," was our reply. "Then you must stand back, and keep the passage clear." We accordingly retired with a heavy heart, and called to mind the anecdote which Horne Tooke related in the House of Commons, when speaking in favour of his right to sit:—"A female applied to a Magdalen asylum, and alleged her irreproachable conduct, as an inducement to be admitted to partake of the advantages of the institution. 'In that case, you can by no means be allowed in here,' said the governors—'Go out and qualify—go out and qualify.'" But we had but little time to ruminate on the benefit we had lost by not being an attorney; for tremendous shouting in the direction of Essex-bridge, speedily announced the approach of the great Liberator. He was on foot, and accompanied by Tom Steele, his "fidus Achates," and one or two others of the agitating brotherhood. To use the elegant phraseology of the reporters of the ring, he looked "quite gay and confident," and wanted that care-worn expression of countenance, which he has of late exhibited. In a few minutes after he had worked his way into the hall, the Judges began to arrive; and Plunket and Bushe drove up in the same carriage, amidst partial cheering—but to which of these high functionaries this manifestation of popular approval was directed, we cannot take upon us to assert. The Chief Justice of the Common Pleas experienced no public annoyance whatever, and bore with sufficient dignity the blushing honours of his scarlet robe. The crowd, however, amused themselves by sundry jokes at his expense, which, if meriment be the test of merit, possessed high excellence indeed. The appointment of the present Chief Baron is deservedly popular; but he is neither the Oromasdes or Arimanes of the mob, and consequently attracted but little of their notice.

After a considerable lapse of time, we succeeded, through the kindness of Mr. Mansfield, in getting admittance to the hall. We there found Mr. O'Connell in his wig and gown, swaggering about in his own peoulir way—throwing his fun on every side—talking of every thing which chanced to be presented to him, in a manner which seemed to claim intimacy with every casual auditor who *glowered* at the great man. Presently Shiel entered. "Here comes the King's Counsel!" remarked his old colleague and panegyrist, with a sneer which produced a laugh against the little man. He had sufficient tact to take no notice of the insult; and, walking into another part of the hall, was surrounded, on taking his seat, by several silk-gownsmen, who seemed anxious to evince their displeasure at the treatment their companion had experienced.

The charge of Mr. Justice Jebb to the Grand Jury was perspicuous, and put his auditory completely in possession of his views. The proceedings against Mr. O'Connell and his associates, resolve themselves into separate questions of law and fact. The first is one of law. "Is it an offence to disobey a proclamation?" "No," says the great agitator, in his letter to his constituency, "it is no crime whatsoever. If, indeed, I had transgressed the provisions of the 'Algerine act,' I might have been punished by its authority. But it is not alleged that I have done any thing like this." Judge Jebb, however, dissents from this opinion; and observing "that although the 10th Geo. IV. provides a definite punishment for all persons refusing to disperse, when regularly summoned—still an order to disperse is not necessary to constitute an offence under the act; for that 'all persons meeting for the purposes of a prohibited association, are, by the very act of meeting, an unlawful assembly,' and punishable for a misdemeanour." Then we come to apply the fact to the law. "When the Irish Volunteers, for instance, were proclaimed, did the members of the illegal association meet for purposes distinct and different, or did they meet, under another name, pretext or device, for the purposes previously prohibited?" In the first case, according to Mr. Justice Jebb, the meeting were innocent—in the latter, criminal; and this is the fact which will be submitted to the jury.

After the Grand Jury had retired, and the Attorney-General had stated that the bills of indictment would not be sent up till to-morrow, we returned to the hall in time to be startled by the appearance of a very extraordinary-looking personage. The lofty stature, surmounted by the white hat, worn as no other man could wear it—the sky-blue coat and horsecloth pantaloons—the waistcoat thrown open, for the purpose of displaying a cheque shirt of a most peculiar pattern—the green silk handkerchief, tied patriotically around his neck, and the splendid French kid gloves with which his hands were appointed—the magnificent pair of whiskers, which might themselves suffice to form a judge's wig—and the dashing cordiality of his Milesian address—at once apprised us, that we looked upon the favourite at Almack's, just returned from eliciting the admiration of Parisian saloons—the indomitable in love and politics—the far-famed and illustrious Member for Clare. The meeting between O'Gorman Mahon and the Liberator was full of apparent kindness. We know, however, that the latter had, a little before, been ridiculing the other's personal vanity in a very contemptuous way. But politicians do not mind these things—their love and hatred passes the caprice of women.

Just as we issued out of the Four Courts to return home, we were surprised to observe the Marquis of Anglesey, accompanied by one of his sons, and attended by a single servant, trotting down Inn's-quay. As he approached the crowd assembled opposite the building, he pulled up, and walked his horse quietly through the mob. Considerable hooting, and other manifestations of displeasure, were directed towards him; but he was loudly cheered by a considerable number. Opposite Ormond-market, his progress was arrested for some moments. A gentleman who chanced to possess a warm temper and a large stick, was impelled by the one to use the other in a very lively way, and belaboured most lustily such mal-contents as came within his reach. His Excellency paused to forbid this injudicious zeal; and while he was engaged in desiring that no person should on any account be molested, a woman of the lowest class in a state of beastly intoxication, staggered towards him, and either threw herself, or was accidentally thrown by some one else, under the animal which he rode. The Marquis discovered very creditable feelings on the occasion; and some persons present succeeded, notwithstanding the confusion, in apprising him that the female had escaped unhurt. He wished some money to be conveyed to her; but no person seeming to think that she merited the donation, his bounty was not transmitted to the drunken wretch. Lawless came up at this time, and standing on the flag way, took off his hat, and threw his coat back off his shoulders, according to immemorial custom. "Ha!" said the Marquis, "I see Jack Lawless; I should like to speak to him a moment." Those only, however, who were placed as we were, close to the speaker, could catch his words, and we believe the individual towards whom it was directed, was not aware of his Excellency's wish. The gallant bearing of the latter had at this time won considerably upon the crowd, and the number of the applauders was very much increased. He then proceeded slowly to the Castle. We have heard it said, that stones were thrown at him; but we saw nothing of the kind, and it could scarcely have occurred without our observation. It was somewhat daring to encounter a mob, who had assembled to greet Mr. O'Connell on his return from being arraigned for an offence against a proclamation; but, as the Marquis is accustomed to ride about unattended, we think he did well in not choosing to avoid them. The Agitator was shortly afterwards accompanied to Merrion-square by the multitude, whom he addressed from his balcony, on the usual topics.

Tuesday, 25.—The grand Jury have found the bills "all good and true." The trials are not expected to come on until the Sittings after Term.

Several of the Irish Law Students who had been hostile to the system of "Keeping Terms in London," have refused to sign a petition on the subject, lest it might seem to countenance the present agitation. While we remain unchanged in our opinion, we think the dissentients right; for this is not the time to press the question.

During the month several attempts have been made in the vicinity of our city, to destroy the paper mills of individuals who have introduced machinery into their concerns. The utter folly and absurdity of supposing, that by such proceedings, the condition of the working classes would be benefitted—not to speak of the wickedness of such acts—we should have thought would have presented itself to the sharp-sighted view even of the lowest orders of the people. They are at present crying out against the many advantages which England and Scotland possess over this country; and yet by this measure would they give them a tenfold advantage over that which they now enjoy. By the use of machines in England and Scotland, the manufacturers are able to make a much better printing paper, for instance, than can be made by hand—this they offer to the traders here, at a less price than the inferior hand-made article can be given for; and, unless those who have capital are enabled by the introduction of machinery, to compete with their neighbours on the other side of the channel, they cannot give employment to their workmen here; for they will get no sale for the paper they manufacture; or, if they sell it, it must be at a price which will leave them no profit, and eventually drive them to ruin. We have just seen a very well written little book on this subject, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, called “The Working Man’s Companion”—showing the results of machinery to be beneficial to the working classes. We would strongly recommend it to the attention of every individual interested in this subject. The arguments are admirably put; and extensive employers would do well to place it in the hands of their workmen generally.

While on this subject, we cannot but deprecate in the strongest language, the idea thrown out at the meeting of the Society for the Improvement of Ireland, by a Mr. Barrett, that an Englishman who could make a fortune in his own country, could not do so here. It has always been our opinion that Mr. O’Connell and his party are the greatest enemies of the working classes of Ireland. During this month, his injudicious, extravagant, nay, devilish advice relative to payment in gold, has been the means of paralyzing the trade of the entire country, from north to south, and from east to west. If the panic continue, the poor will be absolutely ruined by it—while the comparatively wealthy, and even the rich merchant will be sadly inconvenienced. At several of the fairs, the poor people who were told not to take Bank notes, had either to take home with them again, their cattle, and the produce of their land, or to give them to some monopolist, who, trading on the necessities of the poor, under Mr. O’Connell, was prepared to offer *half* the price in gold. Really we have no patience with such fellows—and we do sincerely wish that the legislature may find some means to put an end to their villainous proceedings—they are actually driving the poor infatuated people into open rebellion; for they are, by their vile machinations, reducing them to the greatest extreme of misery and wretchedness. Where is the English capitalist who would now think of investing his property in any speculation in this country after being told by Mr. Barrett, that no Englishman need ever expect to make money here. The idea is a gross libel on our country, and we could produce a hundred instances to prove the contrary. We state it on authority, and we pledge our respectability for the truth of our assertion, that during the month, some of the most respectable houses in our city have been refused credit on the other side the water, on account of the state in which the country is at present; and that individuals who had large sums at interest here, have given their agents instructions to gather them in at any loss. We ask our readers to add to this, the stoppage of discount at the banks, and the system of *exclusive dealing*, which has also been introduced by Mr. O’Connell and his gang, and acted upon to a great extent, and then to say if any punishment could be too severe to inflict on such heartless demagogues.

Friday, 28.—This morning a very numerous and highly respectable body of the bankers, merchants, and traders of Dublin, waited on his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant with an address expressive of their feelings of satisfaction at his Lordship’s having been again appointed as Chief Governor of this country—denouncing the conduct of those who are endeavouring to

produce anarchy or confusion—and assuring his Lordship of their fixed determination to support him in his endeavours to maintain tranquillity. We never saw a more respectable body of men congregated on a like occasion. The Marquis seemed highly gratified, and his answer was pointed and pithy.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Parson's Horn-Book. Dublin—1831.

Our attention has been called to this book, in consequence of the expensive and industrious methods used to give it publicity. In one of the morning papers which we have perused, just as we had sat down to pen this notice, we saw a full column occupied with critiques, extracted from other newspapers; and judging from the mercantile character of that worthy journalist, Mr. Saunders, felt assured that this long advertising puff must have cost some cash. Connecting these observations with the price of the work itself, which undoubtedly cannot cover the expense of its publication, we are assured that it is the emanation of some conspiracy against the Established Church, and the Protestant institutions of the land, and that there exists a joint stock company, whose object is to undermine what honest and sober men have hitherto considered sacred. Reading down the aforesaid long column, we were struck with the laudatory way in which the papers, over which Romish priests are said to have influence, and which always speak with rankling bitterness of every thing Protestant, have noticed this book, which, indeed, in horn, hoof, and tail, bespeaks its prime originator. Yes, those worthy engines of Romanism and radicalism in the land, extol this horn and tail book of the devil up to the skies: and though it is stuffed with lies and blasphemy, through it lashes Scripture with the "*Canda diaboli*," and contains a gross parody on one of the blessed Redeemer's parables; yet those worthy journalists announce, that its object is most laudable, its wit most exquisite, and its satire fine, pungent, and classic.

We are not ignorant that there is a conspiracy in this city, consisting of men, on whom the spirits and mantle of Voltaire and D'Alembert, of the German Illuminati, and of the old Hell-fire Club, have descended. We believe that they have vowed, and their vow is registered in eternity, that they will do their utmost, according to all the devotedness of Voltaire, "*écraser l'infame*." We do not wonder at this; but what we wonder at is, the deep and desperate game which the "*parti prêtre*" are working at in this land, who are so blinded by their exquisite hate against Protestant institutions, as by the praise and circulation of such a book

as this, to aid in the overthrow of every Christian tenet, and every Christian establishment. Is there no priest returned from France? Is there no expelled Jesuit to warn the Romanists of Ireland against such a deep experiment as this, which may and must react in time, with fearful energy, upon themselves; when on this occasion, and on others, they would league with infidels in a devilish and desperate cause? We confess there are abuses in the Established Church that require to be thoroughly reformed, and much, that under honest and holier management, should be altered: but there is an infinite difference between repairing and overthrowing; instead of desiring to see it come tumbling down, we would desire it to be buttressed up by public opinion, and standing more secure, as a great means of evangelical usefulness, and as a mighty bulwark, round which, and behind which, other denominations of Protestants might rally, and raise their righteous banner in the warfare against popery and infidelity, whether acting conjointly, or in strange and ominous confederacy.

We have tasked ourselves to read this Horn Book; and having gone through the perusal with infinite disgust, can assure our readers that, "*Fenum habet in cornu*," that without any one redeeming qualification as to composition, it is infinitely bad. We were told the etchings were well executed; suppose they are, what signifies this transparent device to dispose of a bad book! It is only the rhodium serving as a vehicle to the rats' bane. But though they are confessedly well executed, as far as the etching goes, yet we deny that they can be praised either for invention, character, or keeping. Let any one but look at the costumes with which the clergy are invested, and he will perceive that it is not in keeping with the present day—that it belongs to the early portions of the last century, and he will at once surmise, that the honest sketcher of this Devil's Horn Book has stolen his designs from some satirical portfolio, where old Doctor Sacheverell and his party are turned into ridicule.

Could we indeed suppose that the Irish public were likely to be influenced by such a publication as this, we should indeed arrive at a sorry opinion of the taste, moral discrimination, or religious